OCTOBER 1971

Virginia Wildlife

VOLUME XXXII / NUMBER 10
20 CENTS

Virginia Wildlife

Dedicated to the Conservation of Virginia's Wildlife and Related Natural Resources and to the Betterment of Outdoor Recreation in Virginia

Published by VIRGINIA COMMISSION OF GAME AND INLAND FISHERIES, ***Richmond, Virginia 23230***

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA

LINWOOD HOLTON, Governor

Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries

COMMISSIONERS

E. FLOYD YATES, *Chairman* . . . . . Powhatan
EDWARD E. EDGAR, *Vice Chairman* . . . Norfolk
R. G. GUNTER . . . . . Abingdon
DOLPH HAYS . . . . . Arlington
ALLAN A. HOFFMAN, M.D. . . . . Danville
M. GARDNER SMITH . . . . . Newport News
G. RICHARD THOMPSON . . . . . Marshall
RICHARD E. WATKINS . . . . . Richmond
RALPH L. WEAVER . . . . . Waynesboro
WILLIAM H. WEST . . . . . Millwood

ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICERS

CHESTER F. PHELPS, *Executive Director*
RICHARD H. CROSS, JR. . . *Chief, Game Division*
JACK M. HOFFMAN . . . . . *Chief, Fish Division*
JAMES F. MCINTEER, JR. . *Chief, Education Division*
JOHN H. MCLAUGHLIN . *Chief, Law Enforcement Div.*
SAM J. PUTT . . . . . *Chief, Fiscal Division*

PUBLICATION OFFICE: Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries, 4010 W. Broad St., Richmond, Virginia

JAMES F. MCINTEER, JR. . . . . *Editor*
ANN E. PILCHER . . . . . *Editorial Assistant*
LEON G. KESTELOO . . . . . *Photographer*
HARRY L. GILLAM . . . . . *Circulation*

OCTOBER
Volume XXXII/No. 10

IN THIS ISSUE **PAGE**

Shooting Accidents 3
Letters 3
Bowhunting the Whitetail 4
"Chainsides" on the Mattaponi 7
Let's Cook Skate 9
Indian Summer 10
Life With a Fisherman 12
Conservationgram 13
Canoeing New River in Early Fall 14
Quail Quackery 17
In Nature's Garden: Grass-of-Parnassus 19
Know Your Wardens 20
Bird of the Month: Red-tailed Hawk 21
On the Lighter Side: Television and Dog Training 22
Big Game Trophy Contest announcement 23
The Drumming Log 24
Youth Afield 25
On the Waterfront 26
Wetlands Game Birds (sketchplate) 27
Be Sure Before You Shoot (sketchplate) 28

Observations, conclusions and opinions expressed in *Virginia Wildlife* are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect those of the members or staff of the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries.

COVER: American woodcock, by John W. Taylor, Edgewater, Maryland.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: One year, $2.00; three years, $5.00. Make check or money order payable to Treasurer of Virginia and send to Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries, P. O. Box 11104, Richmond, Virginia 23230.

VIRGINIA WILDLIFE is published monthly at Richmond, Virginia, by the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries, 4010 W. Broad Street. All magazine subscriptions, change of address notices, and inquiries should be sent to Box 11104, Richmond, Va. 23230. The editorial office gratefully receives for publication news items, articles, photographs, and sketches of good quality which deal with Virginia's soils, water, forests, and wildlife. The Commission assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts and illustrative material. Credit is given on material published. Permission to reprint text material is granted provided credit is given the Virginia Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries and VIRGINIA WILDLIFE. Clearances must be made with photographers or artists to reproduce illustrations.

Second-class postage paid at Richmond, Va.

SHOOTING ACCIDENTS

By STANLEY A. MATE

Chairman, Public Safety Shooting Committee
National Safety Council

SINCE 1949, the National Rifle Association has carried on a Uniform Hunter Casualty Reporting System with the game and fish departments of various states. There has never been a year in which all states participated, nor is there positive proof that all accidents in any one state were reported. That means that there is no way of knowing just how many accidents happened in a given year It also means, however, that detailed data have been accumulated on the circumstances surrounding approximately 25,000 accidents which have been reported during that period—ACCIDENTS—not fatalities. Here are some of the peculiar things which this analysis reveals.

Hunting accidents occur frequently under circumstances where it would appear, academically, they would be most unlikely. For instance, several jurisdictions have banned hunting with high-power rifles on the basis that the bullet travels a great distance. Still, 75 percent of all hunting accidents occur at ranges of less than 50 yards and 81 percent at less than 100 yards. There has been a considerable stir about the wearing of certain colors in the field in order to prevent mistaken identity. Yet only 8 percent of the total accidents in 1969 occurred in situations where color of clothing could have made a difference. On the other hand, more than a third of the victims were wearing what was described in the casualty report as proper clothing. This includes clothing in blaze orange, as well as other colors that are required by law in several states. Among dense wood, light woods and open field settings—more accidents occur in the latter.

Other examples could be given, but these will suffice to make the point. There is no one circumstance in which hunting accidents occur. For that reason, there is no one thing which can be done to prevent them. There are, however, several that a prospective hunter can do to minimize the possibility of a hunting accident. The potential hunter must be trained in a number of skills and should be schooled mechanically until he has good habits. This overlayering of habit and skill will, perhaps, provide him the same kind of coverage that is achieved by shingles on a house. If he slips on one element of safety, perhaps another, and still another, will be remembered or practiced to overcome the error.

The manipulation of firearms must be emphasized as a skill which is separate from the ability to put a bullet at a certain spot. The hunter may handle his rifle or shotgun all day . . . to open and close the action, unload it, shift and carry, put it in or take it out of a car or boat . . . and never fire a shot. Yet, each of these manipulatory exercises has as much accident potential as shooting at game. Hunters should develop their gun-handling ability to the point where it becomes an extension of their bodies. Then they can devote their thinking to the "what" and "when" to shoot.

Hunters must do their pre-hunt "homework." They should arrive in the field in such a state of readiness that almost nothing that happens will surprise them enough to destroy their composure.

But, hunting safety involves more than mechanical skill and woodcraft. As is the case in all fields of safety, it requires more than knowing how to . . . it involves *wanting* to. It is this element, attitude, which brings all the skills to bear and really makes the difference.

Look Out, Turkeys!

ENCLOSED is a photograph I took about the middle of November, 1970, in front of the VFW Home near Culpeper. The artillery is on permanent display there and the sign is a regular feature every autumn.

Lloyd L. Gould, Jr.
Fredericksburg

Correction

I AM grateful to Len Ruggiero for his article "Dendrology for Sportsmen" (September issue). It taught me some things I didn't know about firewoods.

I trust he will excuse me if I note that the sugar maple is *Acer saccharum*, not *Acer saccharinum*, the latter being the silver maple as I am sure he well knows.

Robert C. Hempel
Annandale

Thanks. I am glad we got the spelling of "sugar maple" right, at least.—Ed.

Elderberry Pastry Rediscovered

CARSTEN Ahrens ("Our Elders," August 1971, *Virginia Wildlife*) can enjoy elderberry pastry in at least one country restaurant, "The Hutte," at Helvetia, West Virginia.

Helvetia, a remote Swiss settlement south of Elkins and west of Mill Creek off Route 219, was established in the 1800's, and the community still maintains Swiss traditions. The "Hutte," a restaurant-museum, features Swiss cookery including elderberry tarts and the unique Helvetia Swiss Cheese.

There's even more to be seen and enjoyed at Helvetia, but the side-trip off Route 219 is worthwhile for the scenery alone. This little community is so off the beaten track (and the "Hutte" and other attractions are open only during the summer months) that I wondered aloud how anyone ever "discovers" it. The answer was "Ah, but it's much more sporting that way, isn't it?"

Good hunting.

Mrs. R. O. Anerton
West Point

Bowhunting the Whitetail

By ED MYERS
Martinsville

THE bowhunter.

October 15 marks his special day.

By then, the mornings fall just about right. Perfect, you might say.

A slight chill fills the air, and an early fog lifts through the valleys like a knife's edge. Trees are fast losing their leaves and the morning itself is beginning to die in a transition of seasons.

The whitetail deer, eager to move in the first light, saunters through the trees as if a part of the air. It's still too early for leaves to completely cover the ground so the animal makes very little noise.

Suddenly, he stops, moving his nose to the air for a faint, strange smell that wasn't there the day before. To his left, high in a tree some 25 yards away, comes a slight movement of what might be multicolored leaves caught in a breeze.

But the movement stops too abruptly and the big buck knows it. Like a coiled spring he leaps, white fog emanating from moist nostrils.

Twwwwaaang!

A brightly colored shaft whizzes through the air with lightning speed. Waiting too long, the animal is hit, falling to the ground kicking.

From out of the tree clambers one of Virginia's 20,000 bowhunters. Clad in camouflage from head to toe, he jumps to the buck, knifes him, and ties his legal tag. It's a big whitetail, eight points and a spread of 12 inches.

This hunter could well be you. According to Harry L. Gillam, Information Officer of Virginia's Game Commission, "Bowhunting is fast becoming a big sport in Virginia." If this is true, and Commission surveys seem a sure indication, the bowhunter might do himself justice by brushing up on his woodlore and hunting habits.

I got this nice doe on Lynn Stone's land adjoining Fairystone Park. She tipped the scales at 200 pounds.

The late Larry Koller, author of the book SHOTS AT WHITETAILS, and perhaps one of the greatest authorities on hunting the whitetail who ever lived, always had praise for the man behind a bow.

"The bowhunter is unlike any hunter alive," Koller was once quoted as saying. "He must be a pillar of patience, develop the wisdom of a Greek god, and believe in himself to a degree no other kind of hunter could ever imagine."

Whether Koller overrated the bowhunter is, of course, a matter of opinion. But to take his logic and apply it might serve to prove him out.

The big bowhunting area in the southeastern part of the state can be found around the Philpott Reservoir, located in parts of Franklin, Henry, and Patrick Counties. Reservoir land takes in approximately 7,000 acres. The portions of this prime woodland allowing hunting are marked, and Fairystone Park land adjoining reservoir land is also huntable in certain areas which also are marked.

Both places are prime whitetail areas. The land is not too rugged, access is easy, and the woodlands offer a good foodline for deer. I have hunted most all this area with a bow, and I can speak firsthand when I say it's unbeatable. In fact, for bow, Patrick County leads the whole state, according to Gillam.

"In 1967," said Gillam, "just when bowhunting was taking hold in this state, there were no deer killed with bow in Franklin and Henry Counties; but, in Patrick County, there were 27 killed." Nowhere else in the state were that many deer killed by bowhunters. It's as simple as that.

One of the reasons that Patrick County leads in whitetail bowhunting is that most of the prime park land made available each year to hunters is inside the boundaries of that county. And this is also the reason that area is so popular. Another factor worth mentioning is that much of the private land adjoining park land can be hunted by simply asking the landowner. One such landowner, who owns about 75 acres of land bordering Fairystone Park, lets me hunt his area each year. It's really fantastic hunting, because deer travel from the protected park land across his 75 acres each morning and evening. The entire stretch is dotted with tree stands (something I don't care about—but more

on this later), and old logging roads provide plenty of open shooting space into crossover trails. There's a lot of advantage in private land hunting. Posted signs keep out a majority of hunters too timid to ask a landowner's permission. Result: you have most of the area to yourself.

Archery season for whitetail in these three counties, as over the state for that matter, extends from October 15 to one-half hour after sunset on November 15. The number of deer you can kill in Patrick, Henry and Franklin counties with a bow amounts to one of either sex per season. It pays the careful hunter to check regulations closely each season for the proper quota per county. All deer taken with a bow have to be counted in the total for that particular licensed year.

Although every hunter has his own individual method of bowhunting, there are a few proven facts that could help him bag the trophy he might have missed last season.

(1) It's always good to pay an off-season visit to the area where you plan to hunt at least twice before the season opens. I always check closely into the actual food supply available, water, access, and always fresh trails.

(2) Keep a sharp eye for broken and bark-rubbed trees and bushes. Deer polish their racks on trees and these antler-rubs are the best way I know to tell buck prospects.

(3) While checking the area, survey it in a way that could lead to a successful drive. You can never tell how many will join you when the big day comes and the most successful type hunting (even with a bow in small areas) is the drive.

(4) Talk to landowners if it's private land, and people living in the areas around public hunting land. They live close in and they can tell you of crossings, herd counts, and feeding ranges. I've found this advice very valuable in areas I'm not familiar with.

(5) Know your bow. The success you have will come from this. Any man who can point a rifle has a fair chance of killing a deer. But with the bowhunter it's very different. Half his ability is buried in the confidence he has in himself and his weapon. The bow is a crude, ancient weapon no matter how many modern touches have been added. If you are a true and dedicated bowhunter, you'll know the necessary steps are practice, practice, practice. If you were once good, and have just been off the bandwagon for a while, getting back on will probably take no more than a week.

In the years I've been hunting the whitetail with a bow, the most misleading thing I've found while in the field is reading the difference between a "deer run" and a "deer trail." But I've also found that, with practice, I can usually reason by lack of fresh hoof-prints a temporary trail from a well-used "run." Before I took the time to gain this insight, I spent many lonely hours, sitting on a cold trail and staring across an empty forest.

In my opinion, deer are like most other animals with fixed habits. They get through rough terrain by following a sort of "main highway" they know will get them to familiar ground for feeding, bedding, or mating. Even after they are "flushed" by a hunter, they continue on a route that will take them to their original destination. It isn't too hard to come to know the deer's attitudes, providing you can discover their integral "highway" systems. Again, this at first can be a hit and miss proposition. But through strict observance, the bowhunter can teach himself the art of good tracking and good backwoods reasoning.

The best way to hunt deer with a bow is to post yourself in a good tree stand or a good ground position —preferably behind a tree with plenty of draw-room available. I have found that a good ground position actually gives me more room for concentration on one particular area. Most tree stands offer *too much* area and, therefore, too many diversions. And too, a tree stand is an awkward contraption to have to draw a bow from. Shooting down, at a yardage slant, can defeat proper elevation for a hunter who hasn't given himself rigid schooling in tree stand shooting. I personally think a hunter will have better results with his bow when he has both feet on the ground. The thing to do is to find the ideal place where you want to set up a "wait" and concentrate on it alone. If it should prove a failure, spend another half-day looking for somewhere better. Now, I know that a lot of bowhunters will argue that a tree stand is the ultimate answer to bowhunting the whitetail. My only defense can be drawn from my own experience: the last three whitetails I have downed with a bow have been with both feet planted solidly on the ground. My best cover has always been a good-sized tree.

The popular tree-stand is okay for gunners, but I have found most of these stands awkward for bow shooting and offering too many diversions where close shooting is a must.

Another very important area of concentration for the bowhunter is choice of equipment. Some will argue that a bow is a bow is a bow. This kind of reasoning usually means that at one time or another in his life, the arguer had a spot of luck and killed something with a $19.95 bow, purchased complete with six cedar arrows.

(Continued on next Page)

Bowhunting the Whitetail (From page 5)

Don't you believe it! If you plan to be a serious bowhunter (and most are), you want good equipment and you want to learn to take care of it. I use a Bear "Grizzly" bow, 56 inches in length, and 50 pounds in draw weight. This doesn't mean that I am advising everybody to go out and buy a Bear Grizzly—ore even a Bear bow, for that matter. But I do suggest you read up on bowhunting and archery in general before making a purchase. A good magazine to start with is *Bow and Arrow*. It can be found on any good news-

I have had my best bowhunting luck with both feet planted on solid ground. The terrain offered in Patrick, Henry and Franklin Counties makes ground shooting a pleasure.

stand, and the information offered inside can help you perfect and keep up-to-date with archery equipment. There are a lot of good, low-priced bows on the market, so the potential hunter can't let prices stand in his way.

Enough said about purchase. What about proper size and length? And it is in this area that most beginning bowhunters wane. Despite the old belief that it takes a 100-pound pull bow to drop an elephant, most hunters don't need over 45 pounds of draw. If it's at all possible, you should test a bow's draw in an actual demonstration shot before buying it. But sometimes you can't, so the second best thing to do is to get some regular body-building weights and find out *exactly* how much poundage you can hold over your head for three minutes without straining. This can bring you pretty close to the weight bow you can handle. Naturally, for youngsters and women the poundage will be less.

When choosing bow length, common sense should be the guiding factor. If you're only five-feet tall, you wouldn't want a 68-inch bow. It also stands to reason that a seven-footer wouldn't want a 48-inch "magnum" bow. Smooth draw is the magic in bowhunting, and this is something you can't get without leverage. A tall person is not going to get the kind of leverage he needs with a bow too short, because of arm length and stabilization ratio. A short person, on the other hand, can't possibly expect to get a good smooth draw from a bow so long its recurve strikes the ground.

Not really a lot can be said about choice of arrows. There are three basic types of hunting arrows suitable for whitetail hunting. You can find shafts manufactured from aluminum, fiber glass, and wood. Personally, I perfer wood shafts if they are made from good grade cedar and matched to the weight bow I'm shooting. Arrow quality is closely related to price. If you hunt a great deal, a good grade wood arrow with *long* spiral fletching (feathers) should make you confident.

Other equipment available and helpful (but certainly not necessary) is a good leather armguard for string-release protection, a shooting glove, and string "silencers" to dampen release noise caused by the string hitting the bow. I also recommend a bow quiver, which is simply two rubber or plastic (depending on manufacturer) mounts that fit to the bow arms and hold six arrows. Some of these contraptions only hold four arrows; but, whatever, they can save you a lot of trouble in rough

Mike Spears of Koehler, Virginia, brought down his first deer with a bow in Patrick County during the 1970 season at a place dubbed Goose Point, near Fairystone Park but on Corps of Engineers land.

terrain. They also fit snug, so the chance of being heard in the woods is cut down considerably.

In the years I've hunted the whitetail with a bow, I've found that all the expensive equipment in the world won't do anything by itself. It's the person behind the bow, and it's usually the person who has practiced properly that brings home the meat. This is essential: when you become a bowhunter you are entering back into an age-old hunting *art*. Some luck is involved, sure. But the guts of bowhunting is self-discipline and reasoning. You can only get that through dedication and confidence. Other hunters have a great deal of respect for the bowhunter. They know that the only way he got that whitetail was through a mutual respect for his habits, his intelligence, and his instincts. You have to get *that* close with a bow.

Now, get out there and get yours!

"CHAINSIDES" ON THE MATTAPONI

By PETE ELKINS
Lexington

THE tide was flowing fast far down to the York River and then to the sea. From the Virginia Commission boat ramp at Aylett, the water looked dark and tea-stained. This rich coffee color reflected the character of a river rich in tannic acid from the many trees and minerals absorbed during the cyclic effects of the tide. Thick weedbeds swayed to the currents' tune. In the weedbeds lurked the objects of our search: *Esox niger*, the chain pickerel. The first one came dramatically. Barker Stein cast a silver-scaled Tadpolly plug into a slight opening in the weeds. The lure caught momentarily on the tough stem of a pad until Barker pulled it free with a small splash. Behind the lure, the weeds trembled as something long and green raced through the dark water. In a foamflecked boil, the fish missed the lure. Barker moved the lure in a short dive. Again the water boiled, but again the fish missed. The next try was fatal. Reacting instantly, the pickerel darted back toward the shadowed protection of the weeds. Barker's slender spinning rod bent dangerously, then snapped straight as the pickerel knifed into the air.

Chain pickerel are a frequently maligned fish. Bass fishermen disdain them as inferior nuisances. Writers decry their sporting qualities. Yet the pickerel is an excellent game fish, providing superb sport for those who fish intentionally for the species. A chainside caught on heavier tackle meant for snubbing lunker bass out of submerged timber simply cannot render a good account of itself. But try the same fish on a fly rod or light spinning gear and hang on to the cork! On this tackle with four to eight pound test line, the pickerel will make hard-pulsing runs against the reel's drag, wild thrashing leaps with white belly gleaming in the sun, and thoroughly entangle the meshes of a landing net.

Pickerel are at home in slow moving streams as well as lakes, particularly in those waters southeast of Richmond. The Mattaponi is probably not the best pickerel water of Virginia (easily eclipsed by the lakes around Suffolk, but the fishing is productive throughout the summer and fall). Much of the attraction of Mattaponi fishing comes from the river itself.

A chain pickerel on light spinning tackle is a slashing, hard-running game fish that often saves its most savage struggle for a last minute engagement alongside the boat.

The Mattaponi above Walkerton is a small river, heavily foliaged, and primitive in most areas. Clear, unpolluted water flows under overhanging trees, around numerous deadfalls and exposed tree limbs, over gravel bars, and past ghostly remnants of long ago piers and wharves. Something in the amber-hued water speaks of mysterious creatures lurking in the deep holes and evil-tempered crocodiles waiting to slide noiselessly off a sandbar.

Author admires a three pound chainside fresh from the clean waters of the Mattaponi near Aylett.

Bird life is rich along the river. Bitterns, ducks, great blue herons await the boatman around every turn of the Mattaponi. At low tide, the exposed bars are visited by seafood hungry raccoons.

Equally hungry are the pickerel. The best fishing action normally occurs during the hour before and after high tide, but this isn't an iron-bound rule. Pickerel are creatures of seclusion and stealth. A weed bed or submerged tree isn't merely a lair for the lean-nosed pickerel. Weeds are the pickerel's restaurant, where he lurks in camouflaged silence awaiting the main course to swim by, fat and unsuspecting. This tendency of the pickerel to wait for his meal to come to him can be utilized by the fisherman through casting and retrieving parallel to weeds and other cover.

Barker Stein demonstrates the safest way to land a toothy pickerel. A handhold across the gills or the classic eyesocket grip can be tricky when treble-hooked lures are in use.

Chainsides on the Mattaponi (From p. 7)

Live minnows are probably the most consistent pickerel takers at any time of the year. However, a minnow-caught pickerel is often hooked deep in the throat which inhibits his fighting ability. To be fully appreciated, the chainside should be taken on the lightest practical gear. Sharp teeth do sometimes sever light line, but this happens infrequently. However, if you're after a lunker pickerel, over four pounds, a short leader is desirable. Nylon covered wire is readily available. I've found that a foot of thirty or forty pound monofilament bloodknotted to the main line interferes less with lure action than does the wire.

Pickerel are not overly fussy about lures. Any flashing spoon, preferably with weed guard and pork rind, is effective around the weeds. Plugs like the rebel, rapala, or any bright shallow running lure will produce. One particularly effective lure is a "thin-fin" in chrome finish.

Bass fishermen will find that the pickerel likes his retrieve more rapid than do bigmouths. If pickerel follow your lure to the boat without striking, try a faster retrieve or vary your lure action. A pair of longnose pliers is a handy item for the pickerel fisherman's tackle-box. The needle-like teeth of the pickerel can nip careless fingers. Aggressive strikes also often result in deeply hooked lures requiring careful use of the pliers to free them.

The table reputation of the pickerel is dampened somewhat by the large number of tiny bones which almost defy effective filleting. These bones present no problem if the flesh is used as the base for a delicious chowder. If you don't plan to eat your fish, handle them gently when you release them. Pickerel are surprisingly fragile in light of their evil temperament.

In the flowing waters of the Mattaponi, the pickerel is long of wind and aerially inclined. A pickerel's jump is a unique thing, magnified in ferocity by the long twisting body and opened mouth. The reentry isn't clean like a diving trout or even a smallmouth, but is a water-tossing crash that adds pounds to size estimates by excited anglers.

The baleful eye of a pickerel is the eye of a killer lurking in the weedy alleys of the Mattaponi. His first jump seems calculated to scare the angler. After a jump, the pickerel will often come toward the boat with colors seemingly struck. Then at the sight of a waiting net, the pickerel explodes in fury. One July afternoon, a three pound chainside eluded four separate netting attempts by Barker Stein. Each time I would work the fish toward the boat, the pickerel would spot the meshes, clamp down hard on the lure and bull back toward the weeds. Finally in desperation, he tried to punch his way through the net. Realizing the futility of that, the pickerel satisfied himself with thoroughly tangling the lure's treble hooks in the cotton mesh.

Peak season for Mattaponi pickerel is early spring and again in fall, but the summer can also be good. If you're looking for chained trouble, try the Mattaponi near Aylett.

Mattaponi pickerel attack any flashy lure with silver markings, such as (left to right): tadpolly, rapala, thin-fin and standard red and white spoon.

Let's Cook Skate

By MARJORIE LATHAM MASSELIN
Richmond

I REMEMBER that years ago I stood in the Louvre admiring the mellow-rich pinks and browns in a painting of Chardin's. It was called *The Skate,* I think; if not, it should have been, because the skate dominated the canvas. Perhaps you know it, too. The composition shows a kitchen table on which there is an enormous skate, beneath and around which are laid out the various vegetables and aromatics that will go into its preparation. You see I *did* recognize it as food and I suppose I knew it was meant to be eaten, but at that time it came over as a still life. There was no transfer of training! It was not until last summer when I ran across a cookbook in Nag's Head that I finally put two and two together and began to wonder what I had been missing all those years. After I got hold of a skate and cooked it, I discovered I had missed quite a lot.

Sad to say, I am a great critic. I deplore the American tendency toward casual dining; the fact that hamburger joints outnumber good restaurants and that at least one restaurant window which I passed recently advertises a "Children's Special" as a bag of french fries and a coke! In actual fact, I am no better than those I denounce. It is not that I raised my children on bags of french fries and cokes; I did no such thing. On the other hand, I never cooked them a skate, because I was too dull witted to get the message of the painting and make a gustatory exploration into the unknown. We all miss a wealth of enjoyment that way, I fear.

I got my skate because a disgruntled fisherman wrestled it to shore, and from his attitude I judge the only reason that he bothered to land it was because he couldn't get it off his line any other way. He was delighted to give it to me. It would make good bait, he said, and would use it himself except that he had brought an ample supply. When I mentioned that I intended to cook and eat it, he looked a bit skeptical and since at that time I had never tasted skate, I decided not to pursue the point. Education can be dangerous. If the fellow had *known,* I should have had to look elsewhere for my dinner that day.

There are recipes for preparing skate. *The Gold Cook Book* gives a couple, and Escoffier mentions the subject but is somewhat cryptic about it saying only that it is generally served boiled with a caper sauce; occasionally with brown butter and that the smaller specimens are better fried. Hugh Zachary, whose book I bought in Nag's Head, is the only chef who will be likely to convert the uninitiated.

Aside from other more scientific and less understandable ways to tell a skate from the inedible stingray, the easiest test is to look at the tail. The skate has a thick tail which is barbless. Some specimens are enormous and all are very active when caught. The best way to pacify one is to stab it between the eyes with a sturdy knife, but see that you account for the tail barb first if it is present. You may or may not get poisoned by a ray, but you can certainly get a nasty wound from one.

The "wings" are the edible part, and these are cut off. This is good to know since it saves lugging home a lot of dead weight. A good sized skate is *heavy.* As with just about anything else, the smaller the specimen, the more tender the meat, but anything in the vicinity of a two-foot wingspan will be tasty.

To prepare the meat, one can proceed in either of two ways. In Europe, the inclination seems to be to

I got my first skate from a disgruntled fisherman who only landed it because he knew of no other way to get it off his line.

scrub the slime off, simmer the wings in a *court bouillon,* and *then* skin it. The poached flesh can then be served with a caper sauce or *au buerre noir.* Mr. Zacharay's book suggests skinning the wings in the raw state and cutting the meat into "scallops" which, as he points out, actually could fool a diner, who was unaware that he was having skate, into thinking he was eating fried scallops. Wings of very small skates can be skinned, breaded and sautéed as steaks. For that matter, so can larger ones; just cut the wings into serving-size chunks rather than into scallops.

To Fry: Brush with lemon juice, salt and black pepper. Let it rest for awhile so that it is not cold when it hits the fat. Have ready some egg yolk beaten with a little water and a pan of fine, dry bread crumbs or

Indian Summer

By CARSTEN AHRENS
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

SOMETHING tells you in that magic time that follows squaw winter to enjoy every minute of these sun-filled but not sun-dominated hours and the mellow, smoky, blue haze that fills each valley. Something whispers that such perfection will not last and, of course, it won't. So play hooky, if necessary. Put first things first. Cancel or postpone that important conference, committee meeting, deacon's session, afternoon tea, or whatever the hang-up may be. Slip into comfortable duds and walking shoes, grab your alpenstock, if you use one, and get away to autumn meadows and woodlands. You'll still find a few of the migrating birds lingering in the thickets as though the recent ties of love and nest and young are yet too strong to be snapped. A few days later will be time enough for them to join their kin following the sun. Keep on the lookout for those resounding, irregular V-shaped patterns the wild geese make when the call to go south becomes imperative.

. . . dropped banners . . .

Already most of the leaves of the deciduous trees have fallen. You walk ankle-deep through the most amazing sizes, shapes, and colors. Here is a leaf's real self. All summer it has disguised itself in green in order to get its work accomplished. The thousands of leaves on any tree must manufacture food for the living plant not only to keep it alive but to make that extra needed to bridge the winter and get flower and leaf buds started the next spring. Now the summer work is done. The green in the leaves drains away with the sap allowing the yellows, reds, orange and any other colors present to shine forth through each leaf's transparent epidermis.

As you walk, pick up a handful of the most handsome leaves, the ones that seemed dyed in the gayest of colors. Take them to an old or a young shut-in who may regard them as scraps from the rarest of tapestries. If they are pressed firmly between the pages of an old book, they will not wither and will keep their autumnal beauty for a long time. Incidentally, if you don't know one species from another, now is a good time to learn their names. With any of the excellent tree guides on the market or in your library, all you need to do is to compare leaf and illustration and you're a botanist! It won't even be necessary for you to climb to collect them; they are all at your feet!

. . . a generation gap is necessary . . .

But don't let the brilliance of the leaves blind you to other facets of fall. This is the season when many plants do their best to disperse their seeds so that their offspring won't have to struggle for existence in the shade

---

Let's Cook Skate (Continued from p. 9)

meal. Dip the morsels in the egg and then in the crumbs and pop them into hot deep fat. Fry to a crisp golden brown and serve as you would serve scallops or any other fried fish.

To Poach: Prepare a *court bouillon* with reduced fish stock (any kind of fish trimmings will serve the purpose) and flavor it with some dry white vermouth, add a green onion and a stalk of celery (both bruised), and a nice sprig of fresh parsley. Season with salt and a few whole black peppercorns and let it come to a boil. Reduce the heat and lay in the skate, unskinned but well scrubbed, and let it *simmer* until the meat is tender. Overcooking will make it difficult to skin nicely and cause the meat to break up. The poached fish, after skinning, can be served either with a caper sauce or with brown butter.

To Prepare Buerre Noir: Put the required quantity of sweet butter into a heavy pan and cook it over medium-low heat until it turns brown and *begins* to smoke. At this point add rather a lot of chopped fresh parsley leaves, stir it or shake around a little, and pour over the poached fish. Serve at once.

To Prepare Caper Sauce: Rub a little flour into an equal amount of soft butter and cook over medium-low heat long enough to cook the flour but not to brown it. Dilute with light cream or half-and-half into which 2 or 3 egg yolks have been beaten and stir with a wire whisk to prevent lumping. Add more cream or leave out an egg yolk depending on how thick or thin you want the sauce. Taste and add lemon juice, salt and pepper. The final sauce should be neither gummy nor runny—just a nice smooth flowing sauce. Finish it by adding 1 tablespoon of drained capers per cup of sauce, pour over the poached skate, and serve at once.

If you goofed along the way and the skate has broken up too badly to look attractive on a platter, there is still hope. Skate can be added to a fish chowder with great results flavorwise, and it can also be made into excellent fish cakes.

To Make Fish Cakes: Season broken-up skate bits with lemon, salt and pepper to taste, and add 1 or 2 tablespoons of soft crumbs per cup of fish. Bind with egg and form into cakes. Let them rest awhile to firm up. Then dip in beaten egg yolk mixed with a little water, roll in fine, dry bread crumbs and fry in butter. Serve with lemon and parsley or with some of that lovely caper sauce.

". . . the resounding, irregular, V-shaped patterns of wild geese . . ."

of the parents. There are unique ways of achieving this. You'll find the air filled with flying seeds: the puffs of thistles and milkweeds and the parachutes of dandelions. Squirrels and chipmunks will still be busy carrying away nuts for winter use and many birds and many mammals help themselves from trees and shrubs that bear fruit—and, of course, the seeds go along to become new hedgerows and woodlots. Hard shelled seeds from the lotus flower's raft-like pod depend upon water to sail them away. The tumbleweed rolls before the wind, dropping here and there a seed as it turns. Touch-me-not and the witch hazel have built-in mechanical devices that shoot their young-to-be away out in space.

You won't be able to avoid certain plants that will seem to be waiting for you to come along. Their cases are equipped with most ingenious gadgets for grabbing hold of your clothing. Plants like burdocks and cockleburs hitchhike rides with many large hooks; bootjacks use just two; and tick trefoil, a multitude of minute ones. I remember in my boyhood how the ends of our cows' tails would become great balls of burs. They became something to be avoided. When I would sit by Bossy to milk her, I would often be conked on the head by the flying missile!

. . . a dearth of the six-legged ones . . .

You won't find much insect activity in Indian summer. Squaw winter was a vast plague that wiped out zillions of the adults. There will be plenty of hexapods ready for next year, however. They're hibernating in egg, pupa, or larva stages. The Monarchs migrated several weeks along with one of the common dragonflies, the green darner Anuz *junius*. One adult butterfly, the yellow-edged, brown mourning cloak, hibernates lightly, and wakes up during Indian summer and mild winter spells to float about briefly in the sun-warmed air. When the cold returns, it retreats to a protected niche for another nap.

You may be visited by a luxuriating yellow jacket that wants to share your picnic sandwich. Its arduous life of a few months was devoted selflessly to the support of the underground colony whose passageways are lined with home-made paper. Now that the fertilized queens that will produce young yellow jackets for next spring are safely stashed away, the expendable workers have time on their hands; they lounge in the sun, become tipsy on applejack or other fermented juices, or sample the mustard on your hot dog. Their lives will terminate with Indian summer.

. . . denning up time . . .

Most of the cold-blooded ones, the frogs, salamanders, reptiles, have already started a hibernation so complete that only the returning warmth of next spring will snap the spell. The warm-blooded hibernators are still on the move, hoping to make their stored-up layers of fat even thicker or their dens more snug. Last fall in my camp, I observed a woodchuck that had evidently discovered newspapers have considerable insulation value. The animal spent most of Indian summer visiting the litter barrel, ignoring pasteboard boxes but lugging away sheets of THE TIMES. The chuck made a curious sight, for the wind, flapping the pages, seemed to be propelling the plump creature towards its den. Two muskrats, each bearing an ear of corn swiped from a russet tepee in a nearby field, seemed scared out of their wits by the sudden appearance of this windbourne apparition. The corn lay for several days until a quartet of crows cleaned it up.

. . . simile . . .

Retirement in the life of a man or woman is something like squaw winter in the cycle of the year. It is a traumatic time, especially so if the life or the year has been especially fruitful. But come it ultimately does to every life and every year.

Happily, following the emotions set up by separating oneself from his job, a time will come for unhurriedness for man much as Indian summer follows squaw winter in nature. Retirement can hold moments for accomplishing those things the once crowded days had no time for; hours for self-fulfillment as well as for helping others. It has been called the "golden age," and it should be just that. The silvery milkweed puff soars high over the hilltops before dropping to its winter rest, and the tumbleweed travels for miles before it is brought to a halt by the strands of a rancher's fence.

LIFE WITH A FISHERMAN

By CAROL MYERS
Martinsville

I'M the wife of one of those strange human birds whose right arm has a fiber glass extension at least nine months out of the year. When we were married, this man delayed the ceremony by twenty minutes while he and the minister stood hunched in a corner of the church climaxing a two-month-old angling trip to the Kerr Resevoir for stripers. When we finally got around to saying our eternal vows I swear I heard the word fish in there somewhere.

You've probably already guessed it. I married a fisherman.

Entering our premises is like taking a stroll down pier six at a fishing resort. Our mailbox is metaphorically mounted atop a discarded anchor from the Tuna King, a hard-hearted trawler that supposedly sank in a squawl off the coast of Maine in 1948. We bought it for the memorable price of $25 in a surfside hock shop in Wildwood-By-The-Sea, New Jersey, on our honeymoon seven years ago. I've often wondered (but never questioned) how that rusted hunk of metal got transferred so far after the ship had sunk.

But, as a fisherman's wife, I tell you never to ask questions like that.

Our doorbell has the suspicious ring of a depth bell, and our welcome mat is inlaid with the splashing image of a hooked trout.

Once inside, you'll see that you have really entered a tackle shop posing as a neighborhood dwelling. We have five upstairs rooms and all but one (the kitchen) is blessed with a mounted whopper. Above our bed hangs an eight pound walleye with shined scales and razor-sharp teeth a quarter-of-an-inch long.

When I carry the garbage down the steps and out the back door I pass through the hold of a ship. Lining the steps are 10 various makes and models of fishing rods (I never attempt to describe a rod by being specific, because I once called a split-bamboo fly rod a pole and nearly got clobbered) mounted with reels. Two pairs of hip boots, a pair of knee boots, and a pair of chest-high waders line the wall. There's an enormous "wormbox" near the basement door where the worms live fresh and ready. Resting on a nail above the basement window is a four-year-old canvas hat closely resembling a fried egg. It's brown, but the outside rim is sploched with every color in the rainbow. These are flies, never used, but nevertheless a necessary part of opening trout day—or so I've been informed time and again. Somehow my fisherman-husband once lost the biggest brown trout of his angling life because I misplaced that hat.

Located at the foot of the stairs near the outside door is a barrage of minnow buckets and landing nets. I often wear one of these out the door on my way to the garbage cans. Once I mounted a boat oar that fell across my path. A trailer mounted boat and a three-year-old camper block my way to the clothes line. In the peak seasons I usually slide across the carport on wet fish scales. My clothes line is often taken up by a drying minnow seine or damp life jackets.

As for togetherness—well, I wish I had been born with fins. Lord knows, I get thrown plenty of lines. I once looked forward to winter, but even those three worse snowbound months can be taken up with tying flies, sorting tackle and studying catalogues.

We eat our meals on plates with pictures of leaping giant marlins and Bahama Island bonefish. We drink coffee from cups with rod-shaped handles and a gold-printed line that stretches clear around the rim. With each drink I fear getting a hook in my mouth.

If you're lucky enough to be married to one of the estimated 50 million sea-dogs or mountain-splashers, I can only sympathize and give you my humble rules:

(1) Never go out of your way to store his tackle (in fact, never touch it).

(2) Try to learn some of the fishing lingo. No $24 split-bamboo rod should be called a pole. No floating flyline should be labeled simply a string.

(3) When he tells you he's meeting Homer whoever at 5 a.m., set the clock for four and tell him you'll get breakfast. Don't worry. He'll roll over and sleep until six at least. Then he'll be late and not bother you when he sneaks out.

(4) When you notice that your sewing box has been raided, try to pass it off. Fly tying is his art and he'll use your thread like crazy. You can usually find your scissors stored in his tackle box. But be careful he doesn't see you retrieving anything, lest you get accused of stealing.

(5) Never go along on a fishing trip with him under the pretense of wanting to learn the ropes. Whether he finds you out or not, you'll wind up catering tackle back and forth, untangling line, and playing the role of mother confessor to reasons why that one got away or why they aren't biting.

One final thing. Steer clear of questions like, "Why do you do this?" or, "What does this get you except disappointment?" Such questions tend only to confuse him—and you. They can be likened to asking something like, "How high is up?" His answers get all wrapped up in past remembrances, such as that big buck he once saw watering or the peace and tranquillity he always gets from standing hip-deep in some forgotten stream in some forgotten mountain pass.

So give him his line, feed him, praise his agility and pretend to strengthen his prowess. And when he comes home empty-handed, wet, tired and bloodshot, shrug the whole thing off with a strained smile. Remember, deep down somewhere you knew it all along. You knew it would be this way.

You married him, didn't you?

VIRGINIA WILDLIFE ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

CONSERVATIONGRAM

Commission Activities and Late Wildlife News . . . At A Glance

HUNT ACCIDENTS TOTAL 79 LAST YEAR. A total of 79 hunting accidents, 13 of them fatal, made the 1970-71 fiscal year the worst on record in Virginia, even surpassing the record 69 injuries and deaths of the previous year. Of those involved both as shooters and victims, five were graduates of the Hunter Safety Course sponsored jointly by the Game Commission and the National Rifle Association.

As usual, various examples of careless gun handling accounted for over half of the accidents affecting 43 victims. Of all the single causes, 19 persons mistaken for game led the list. Victims concealed by brush, covered by a shooter swinging on game, or moving into the line of fire were also high up on the list. Loading and unloading firearms and putting them into or removing them from vehicles were prime times for accidents to happen. Most other accidents involved dropping loaded weapons or jarring them while the muzzle pointed at the victim. Unsafe weapons contributed to some accidents. Twenty-two of the injuries were self-inflicted.

In one instance a hunter was sitting on a log with a squirrel tail dangling from his hunting coat pocket when another hunter cut loose at the waving tail raking his left arm and face with shot and injuring his eye. In another case, three hunters were sitting beside a tree with a dog between them when another hunter blasted the dog with bird shot thinking it was a turkey, spraying the hunters with shot.

LATE DUCK SEASON APPROVED BY COMMISSION. A late duck season beginning November 20 and continuing through January 18 was selected within the federal framework by the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries at their meeting in Richmond, August 18. The season was backed up two days from the latest possible date to begin on a Saturday. A 60-day season was chosen, rather than shorter 50 and 40 day options which have included higher bag limits, because hunter preference seemed to be for maximum hunting opportunity. Under the long season option hunters will be limited to 3 ducks per day, including no more than one canvasback or redhead, one black duck and two wood ducks. Gallinule season will end 3 days early on January 15.

Also approved for waterfowl gunners were a bonus of two blue-wing teal during the first 9 calendar days of the season and a bonus of two scaup in the Chesapeake Bay during the entire season. For the first time Virginia will have a special season on scoters, eiders and old squaws beginning September 25 and extending until the regular duck season which will allow hunters to bag 7 of these ducks daily in the Bay and coastal waters 800 yards from shore until November 20, at which time they can hunt them inshore along with other waterfowl. Hunters may also bag 5 mergansers daily, including no more than one hooded.

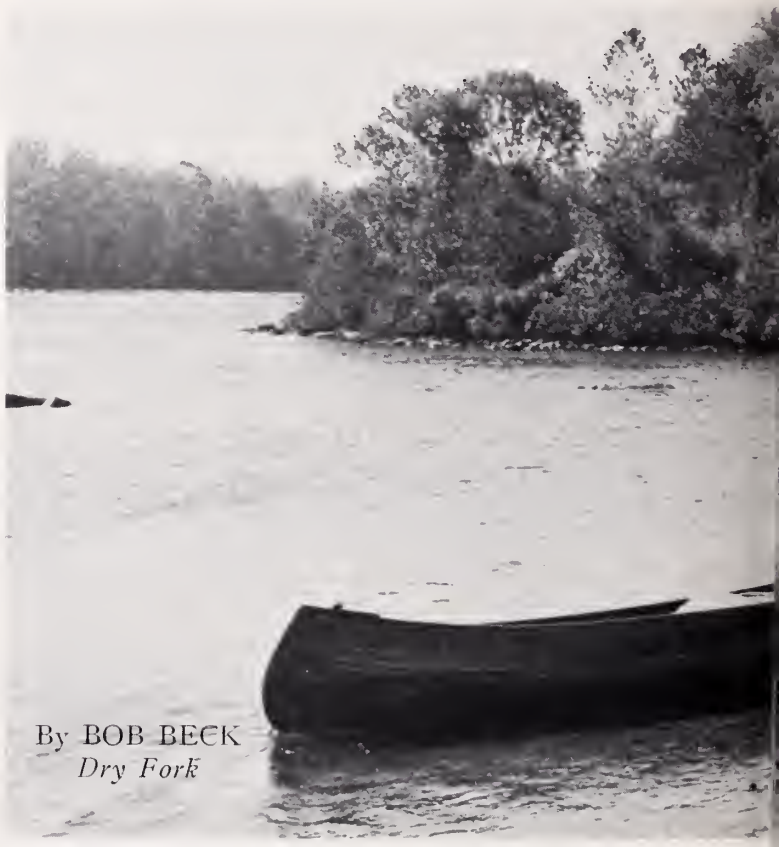
A November 15 through January 22 goose season was approved with a daily bag limit of 3 geese except in Back Bay marshes where goose hunting is restricted to November 20 through January 8 and hunters are allowed only 1 goose daily. Brant season coincides with the goose season except that the limit is six daily.

COUNTIES RECEIVE $10,397 FROM GAME LANDS. Fifteen Virginia counties shared in some $10,397, representing their 25% share of the net proceeds from timber sales on Game Commission lands within their boundaries during the 1970-71 fiscal year. The procedure was set up as reimbursement in lieu of taxes on state lands by the 1964 General Assembly. The counties receive 25% of the net proceeds, after costs of the timber sale (such as for road construction) have been deducted. The largest check, for $3,648, went to Smyth county, representing timber sold on the Commission's Clinch Mountain Wildlife Management Area near Saltville. Other counties and their share of the proceeds are as follows: Amelia $156; Augusta $249; Bath $258; Greene $1,799; Highland $334; Madison $748; Patrick $16; Powhatan $212; Prince Edward $1,458; Roanoke $5; Rockbridge $301; Surry $364; Sussex $350; and Washington $499. The remaining monies are deposited in the Game Protection Fund from which they are re-appropriated to finance management and development on the game lands along with other Game Commission activities.

MUSKIES AND STRIPERS STOCKED. Some 1550 three to eight inch muskellunge were transferred from the Game Commission's Stevensville and Front Royal hatcheries to suitable waters around the state late last summer. Game Commission lakes Albemarle, Brittle, Burke and Brunswick received small portions of the young muskies. The remainder were stocked in the James River near Columbia and Cartersville and in Lake Chesdin near Petersburg.

Also stocked were nearly 80,000 striped bass fingerlings up to three inches in length. Included in the striper stocking were Smith Mountain, Leesville, Meade, Chesdin and the Game Commission's Powhatan Lakes.

CANOEING IN EAR



By BOB BECK
Dry Fork

IT was almost four o'clock Friday, October 2nd, when I punched the time clock and pulled out of the parking lot, to follow Carroll Hatcher, a fellow employee, to Hillsville, via Route 58. Then we followed Route 100 to New River where we were to take a 15 mile canoe trip from Austinville to Hiwassee, near the head of Claytor Lake.

New River rises between the Blue Ridge and Iron Mountains of North Carolina, and is a major river that flows northeast through the highest points of Virginia and West Virginia to empty into the Ohio River near Charleston, West Virginia.

We turned off Route 100 a few miles beyond the New River bridge onto a narrow winding road, and followed a small creek called Pine Run about four miles to the river. Carroll had occasionally fished this section, but wasn't acquainted with the people whose land we had to cross to get to the river. All access roads were posted, so we stopped at a large two-story house and asked permission to park the bronco until Sunday afternoon.

Apparently the man, sitting on the bed of a pickup truck under a walnut tree, misunderstood us. He said, "Somebody'll steal it!" referring to the canoe. But we told him we wished to leave the bronco. "They'll steal the wheels off'n it," he assured us, but offered to let us park it in his yard, and seemed quite sure no one would bother it there, since he slept in his room nearby and kept his shotgun handy.

After leaving the bronco we backtracked ourselves a few miles and made our way to Austinville by way of Poplar Camp.

Austinville is a small community along the river about 15 miles west of Hillsville. Here again we sought permission from the owner of property adjoining the river, to park our truck and launch the canoe. This time the owner was gathering walnuts near the spot we hoped to put in, and after parking the truck near the highway, I approached him and introduced myself, then stated my business. At this the owner appeared dead serious, looked me straight in the eye and said, "It'll cost you $25," then asked, "How many times do you want to use it?" pointing to the bank.

I guess the repercussion showed on my face as I absorbed the shock. Because he smiled and reached for my hand saying, "After asking the way you have, I don't have the heart to turn you down." As we talked I motioned for Carroll to bring the truck and learned that Mr. Wilbur D. Stoots (the owner) was an employee of Applachian Power Company and very familiar with Martinsville and Henry County.

After thanking Mr. Stoots we hurriedly paddled downstream in search of a camping spot.

We had very little trouble locating a campsite, for the river bank offered many, and we chose one under a buckeye tree a few feet above the high water line and fashioned a lean-to out of a tarp, then built a fire. Carroll soon had prepared a supper of cornbeef hash, cooked with mushrooms and onions, and served canned orange slices for dessert.

After supper we fished awhile, but were soon discouraged by the gnats. Carroll caught one catfish, and since our next evening meal called for fresh fish we

hooked it on a chain and stobbed it down for the night.

Next morning we crawled out of the sleeping bags at 4:30 to cook breakfast, pack everything in the canoe, and get ready to go by daylight. The canoe we were using was one that I had built last winter and it had performed well on Dan River, but New River was a real challenge and I admit I was a little uneasy as we approached our first shoal.

I held the canoe back as long as possible, entered the most promising vee, and hoped for the best. We shot through the whitecaps as smooth as silk and between the rocks without a scratch; it was magnificent to be riding with the current of such a scenic river.

EW RIVER

Y FALL

At the bottom of the shoal Carroll motioned for me to pull up alongside one of the large rocks and said we should try to collect a few hellgrammites and crayfish for bait. We brought a narrow six-foot seine for this purpose. Carroll held the seine in place while I turned rocks until we collected a couple dozen granches—as Carroll called them—and several crayfish.

We let the canoe float with the current and fished with natural bait until about 9 o'clock without success.

The water smoothed out near the Old Shot Tower of Route 52 bridge and required the use of paddles to keep moving. We met a couple motorboats near the bridge, but by the time we had traveled a mile below the bridge we were again the only ones on the river.

Each time the houses and signs of civilization disappeared, the wild ducks kept us company. All told, we must have seen 2,000 or more. Once along the way we were honored by the presence of an osprey, who seldom penetrates civilization but clings to what wilderness areas he can find.

Foster Falls was the biggest obstacle we had to cross, and we approached it with caution. The falls drop approximately 12 feet, but not all at once. We looked for a trough among the rocks, hoping to shoot some of the rapids; but the first drop was too high, so we climbed out of the canoe and led it over the falls.

The shelf of rocks stretches about 200 feet across the river and at the same time the river makes a sweeping curve to the right, and has a steep rock wall on the outside of the curve that catches the full impact of the river. At the present water level I doubt if the falls can be navigated, even with expert canoeists. But in times of high water, perhaps we would attempt to shoot the rapids ourselves.

It took the better part of an hour to let the canoe over the falls, and at one point the going got so rough that we used a side creek to slide the canoe around the rough water. Our supplies weighed less than 100 pounds but even this was a burden at times, especially when we had to carry the canoe over a rock.

We stopped and prepared lunch on a sandbar just below the falls and tried again to fish the eddies but without any luck. Time was of great importance, since we had been slowed down by the rocks and low water; therefore we sacrificed some of the best looking bass water I have ever seen in order to reach Route 100 bridge before nightfall.

The wind blew continuously Saturday and was in our favor most of the time, but once it nearly caused us to upset.

We were fast approaching shoals and rough water when I found it impossible to shift position of the canoe against the wind. We were about to collide with a rock when I jammed the paddle against a rock and tried to

Gathering crayfish and hellgrammites for bait early in the morning.

Canoeing New River (Cont. from page 15)

pry the canoe to one side. Suddenly the paddle broke in half just above the blade, and at the same time we lost control of the steering. We appeared to be in serious trouble until Carroll, realizing my position, passed me his paddle.

Two anglers along the bank watched but didn't comment on our misfortune when we asked them how far it was to the Route 100 bridge. We were never sure whether they said one mile or ten.

Between each rocky shoal the river was deep and almost motionless, and the new falling leaves reflecting in the water invited us to stay, but it was necessary to try to make up some of the lost time.

We sighted the bridge at 4 o'clock and were relieved to again be on schedule. Near the bridge two anglers from Galax proudly displayed their catch of four largemouth and one smallmouth bass. The smallmouth was a large one that we estimated to be 20 inches long and to weigh about 4½ pounds.

Carroll prepares to enter canoe after gathering bait.

At five o'clock we turned into the bank, made camp, and cooked our lone catfish for supper. It had been with us since the night before, but was still quite lively.

While camping Saturday night we met an angler with an unbelievable amount of patience. He was fishing nearby when we made camp and apparently sat by his fishing rod all night. Next morning he said he hadn't had a strike all night and was soon going home if the fish didn't start biting better. But as we drifted down the river he followed a half mile or so along the bank trying each likely looking hole. When he departed he said he thought he would try them a little further downstream.

About the time our friend departed I caught a ten inch smallmouth bass while fishing just beyond a rocky shoal, using a hellgrammite for bait.

By 9 a.m. we were within a mile of our destination and this area was no doubt the most beautiful area of

We often stopped to fish for smallmouth bass among large rocks and shallow shoals.

our trip. Shelf after shelf of rock about eight feet apart ran parallel with the river. Water between the shelves was from 2 to 6 feet deep, with the current running diagonally across, making it most difficult to canoe.

During the last mile the canoe took a severe beating. Several times we hung on the rock edges and had to pry ourselves loose. But the canoe held and wasn't seriously damaged.

A chilly wind blowing down the river was the deciding factor, and when we reached the road where the bronco had been left we were ready to take out.

We thanked the property owner for his kindness and left New River with a firm conviction that no one can say that he has enjoyed the full beauty of a river until he has drifted with its current in an open canoe.

Quail Quackery

By BILL WEEKES
Blacksburg

INCREDULOUS, like witnesses watching a rabbit being pulled out of a hat, are many sportsmen who have heard, from time to time, that the best way of supplying quail to a location is *not by* stocking, but by manipulating habitat so quail may subsequently frequent it.

That you best attract quail by environmental means has become a hypothesis so often confirmed it may be taken not only as fact but as a principle of game management. The principle has been drummed into the heads of nimrods across the country since the heydays of Aldo Leopold 30 years ago. And yet, hunters still look upon the habitat approach as something akin to trying to find gold with a divining rod.

Despite the glares of disbelief from hunters, the fact remains, supported by a wealth of experimental data, that bobwhite quail gravitate to where *cover* and *food* are to its liking. And only where landowners accommodate their land to the bobwhite's needs may they expect a concomitant collection of *Colinus virginianus.*

Still, many sportsmen see an illogic in not stocking. You want trees or crops on your land, you plant trees or crops. You want quail on your land, you "plant" quail by releasing numbers of them, like airborne seeds, onto your land. You can't get something for nothing, or *out of* nothing, they reason. And the landowner and hunter are right. But for the wrong reason.

True, there is no such thing as spontaneous generation. Living organisms are not born out of inert, or inanimate things. Nor do living things reproduce alien species. In the world of the bobwhite, however, a factor is often ignored. Here is a bird not shy about moving to "greener pastures." To the *terra firma* of the thoughtful landowner who provides the proper habitat, a "spontaneous generation" of sorts *will* arise —where fauna springs from flora.

Several apparent truths about stocking bobwhite quail have emerged since the early days of game management. For instance, most pen-reared birds, after release, aren't hardy enough to survive long enough to get shot at by hunters. It is useless to stock quail to an already populous area because, exceeding the land's carrying capacity, they will soon disappear. Money spent to start a quail population in a suitably groomed area is money wastefully spent because outside quail would soon invade such an area anyway. If there is any success in stocking an area for harvesting, it comes when the stocking takes place immediately before the hunting.

Several counties in Virginia continue to spend money for quail stocking. About $40,000 went for this purpose since 1960 in ten counties that issued damage stamps to defray the cost of the stocking efforts. Rob Clements, a wildlife student at Virginia Tech, who has been working on raccoon hunter research, checked county board of supervisors' minutes and warrant registers and found that since 1960 quail stocking money was spent as follows:

Giles—$11,256 (1960-69); Wythe—$6,203 (1960-70); Bland—$2,666 (up to 1969); Tazewell—$1,300 (including $511 for operation of quail breeding program); Smyth—$2,491 (through 1970 with $1,250 projected for 1971); Grayson—$9,642 (up through 1968); Botetourt—$278 (through 1964); Craig—$1,257 (up through 1966); Washington—$2,330 (through 1969); and Wise—$5,268 (for quail and coon, 1961-64).

Was this money worth it? Al Guthrie, a district game biologist, talked the Giles Board of Supervisors into banding 500 pairs of quail (that had been raised in South Carolina) before they were let loose in that county in the spring of 1969. Thus far only four birds out of the 1,000 banded have been harvested, a 0.4 percent yield!

The objective, of course, is to have, by fall, enough quail in an area for hunters to shoot at. If the game birds are scarce, the hunter will get fed up and quit hunting (since the trophy value of quail is minimal). The less game, the less hunting and, consequently, the fewer number of hours of recreation realized. The less hunting recreation, the more unhappy the hunter population, and no game commission likes to have unhappy hunters.

So we want more quail in hunting areas where the population is low, or where the birds have vacated altogether.

Setting aside for the moment any other approach, we ask the question: Does stocking result in the extra numbers of birds needed to make a given area populous enough by fall for the hunter to enjoy his outdoor recreation?

Looking at the results of numerous experiments through the years, one would have to answer "No," stocking is NOT the answer. Even if it were, there are much cheaper and more effective ways of encouraging quail to live on your land.

In the fall and spring of 1941-42, 73 native quail, in an experiment, were taken from three Virginia counties and replaced by 73 banded pen-reared birds. After the 1942 summer breeding season, the three areas were shot over and 87 birds were harvested. *Not one banded bird was among the harvest.*

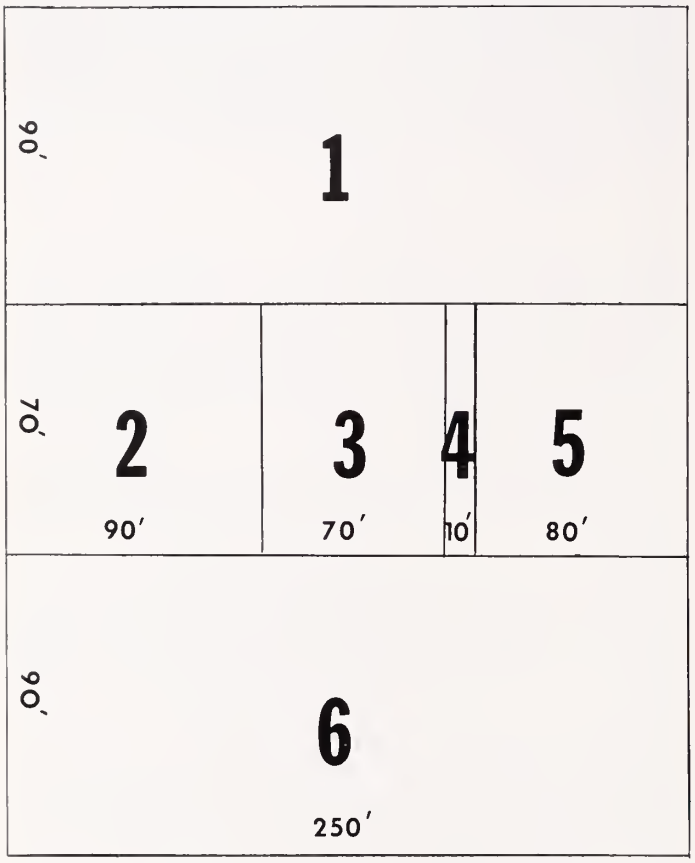
In 1946 in Missouri, two 2,000-acre plots were used in a quail experiment. One plot was stocked, the other was not. Over three years, 183 pair of quail were introduced in the stocked area. However, the population became progressively *smaller* on the stocked area and no bands were ever recovered from the stocked area.

From 1942 to 1946, 57,062 banded quail were released in Oklahoma. By the summer of 1947 only 1.28 percent of the banded, stocked quail had been recovered. Most of the 722 bands were recovered the day after the season opened, soon after release. The Pennsylvania Game Commission released 13,000 pen-reared quail in the spring and fall of 1937. Of the 3,616 released in the spring, two were shot in the fall (.06 percent). Of the

Quail Quackery (From page 17)
8,804 let loose in the fall, 74 were shot (.84 percent), a mild improvement by stocking closer to the gun.

From 1939-41 F. M. Baumgartner of the department of entomology of Oklahoma A & M made a field study in his state, studying the survival of 1,064 artificially raised and released bobwhites and concluded that the survival of these birds was so limited they could not materially add to the wild populations.

"Heavy restocking with game birds appears to be costly and a rather futile method to increase bobwhite populations for either hunting or breeding stock," he concluded.



Bobwhite food and cover plot which has raised yields to more than one quail per acre is planted in sections: No. 1, browntop, proso, or chiwapa millet; No. 2, hairy vetch or yellow vetch; No. 3, shrub lespedeza (bicolor, japonica, or Thunbergii); No. 4, red cedar (juniper); No. 5, hairy or yellow vetch; No. 6, annual lespedeza (Kobe and Korean mixed), or corn and Florida beggarweed, or cowpeas and soybeans mixed.

In the Virginia study, Chester Phelps (VIRGINIA WILDLIFE, April 1948) concluded that it is useless to try to establish quail at any one place by restocking.

"It is not necessary," he said, "to stock quail even on areas entirely devoid of birds, where habitat is suitable and native birds are present on adjoining areas."

The factor of mobility makes stocking unnecessary. The very fact that quail move and have a high reproductive power enable them to populate any suitable area themselves without any introduction by man. Quail usually will move up to a mile in search of food, some even up to eight miles.

Phelps found it wasn't necessary to stock quail even in large areas, such as counties, where the population has been seriously depleted, because these birds can bounce back to normal numbers after a season or two, on their own. Ira Gabrielson pointed out in 1946 that restocking in any form should be done only in an emergency and where cost was not an item of consideration. If birds *were* released, he said, they should be let loose immediately before hunting season to provide the maximum amount of return.

Where money *is* a concern, manipulation of habitat is a cheaper *and* more effective means of encouraging population growth.

"All studies indicate that the carrying capacity of the land is the principal limiting factor of a species having the high reproductive rate of quail," wrote Phelps.

Quail habitat is a dynamic entity, capable of sustaining numbers of birds up to a certain level (carrying capacity) and of replenishing whatever number is harvested by gun or removed by the natural exigencies of survival. If it were not so, the habitat could not be so labeled "quail habitat."

The question then funnels down to how one can alter the habitat to best encourage quail visitations. One of the most effective practices recognized by the great quail expert Herbert Stoddard is planting a plentiful supply of food near protective cover. What has worked against this concept in recent decades is the trend in farming toward large fields and clean pastures. Also knowing the right plants and their proper distribution is helpful.

Paul D. Schumacher of the Soil Conservation Service in Athens, Georgia, submitted a report to the 34th North American Wildlife Conference which discusses developing wildlife habitat on farmlands.

He sees providing proper food as the best way of increasing bobwhite numbers.

In Georgia he worked on designing and testing a food and cover plot in the field to see the effect on the quail population.

He found that such plots of millet, vetch, soybean and lespedeza bicolor (see illustration) improved quail hunting, especially when a plot was located at about every 20 to 25 acres. Schumacher reported 11 plots on a Fayetteville County (Georgia) farm of 223 acres which resulted in 14 coveys of quail. Some 41 coveys came to a Gwinnett County (Georgia) farm on which 27 plots were planted over 539 acres. Schumacher said that such high populations did not occur on every farm, but that the plot planting method was producing more than 50 birds per 100 acres.

And the cost?

"If you are going to put it in at custom prices and charge for everything, it is $76. If you are going to put it in yourself, it will cost you about $20. The rest is machinery," Schumacher told the Conference.

With $40,000 spent on habitat improvement in this manner over ten years in Virginia, for example, about 2,000 plots would be encouraging the production of about 25,000 coveys or an excess of 250,000 quail. And these would be numbers fairly well maintained on an annual basis as long as the habitat did not deteriorate.

In Nature's Garden

Grass-of-Parnassus

By ELIZABETH MURRAY
Charlottesville

Illustrated by Lucile Walton

I CANNOT imagine a happier collaboration between writer and artist than the one which exists between Miss Walton and myself. We seem to have been in complete agreement on every point so far concerning our work together. The firmest stand she has taken was at the very beginning of this joint series on wildflowers when she said: "I don't mind too much what flowers we choose in the spring so long as we can do Grass-of-Parnassus before the end of the year, because it's one of my special favorites." And so here we are, ready and willing to talk about one of the more unusual and delightful plants of bogs and moist acid habitats, flowering towards the end of summer.

Grass-of-Parnassus is, of course, not a grass. One possible reason why it could have been given that name is that it was as common as grass when it was originally named in the first century A.D. in the Greek mountains. In fact, *Parnassia* is either accorded a family of its own, the Parnassiaceae, or included with the Saxifragaceae, the saxifrages. These are small herbs, mostly with leaves only at the base of the plant and with flower parts in multiples of fives. A distinctive feature is the pistil, which is generally composed of two simple pistils joined by just their basal parts, the two styles projecting as two beaks.

The classification of the genus *Parnassia* is in a state of some confusion. The species name *P. caroliniana* is sometimes given to a form which occurs all the way up and down the eastern side of the United States. Some taxonomists divide it into two species, *P. glauca* for the northern form and *P. caroliniana* for the southern form, with the change from one to the other occurring at about the level of Virginia. Another closely related species, *P. asarifolia*, can also be found in this state. Most of my remarks here apply to at least these three forms, and some to the genus as a whole.

All the species of Grass-of-Parnassus have a cluster of basal leaves from which rise slender stalks 8″ to 20″ high, each bearing a single flower. An unusual and distinctive feature is the single, ovate, olive-green leaf which clasps each flower stem just below the middle like a little shelf. There are five flower petals, white, with conspicuous parallel green veins, and five fertile golden stamens. In addition, between the petals and the stamens are five other bodies, variously called sterile stamens, scales or nectaries. These have a fringe of delicate filaments, each one ending in a knob which glistens in the sunshine and acts as an attractant for pollinating insects. Nectar is secreted at the base of these structures.

Parnassia has an ingenious way of ensuring cross-fertilization. After the petals unfold, each anther is raised up by its filament to an erect position only while it dehisces, then it bends down again and the anther shrivels or drops off. Only after all the stamens have performed, the two short styles, which have been previously folded up, separate and their stigmas become capable of pollination. The plants become scentless in the evening, but are scented in bright sunshine, an added stimulus to pollination by day-flying insects.

Grass-of-Parnassus was named by Dioscorides, a Greek doctor who lived in the first century A.D. He wrote a leading treatise on pharmacology called *de Materia Medica* which described the properties of some 600 plants. He was probably well aware that *Parnassia* was not a grass; perhaps he did find it growing as abundantly on the mountain as grass grows in other pastures.

In Virginia, Grass-of-Parnassus likes moist, boggy habitats with a good acid soil. It usually grows in places that are open to the sun but if more shade is provided, it can survive in drier locations, provided the soil is suitable. Without giving further details of its cultivation, however, it must here be emphasized that Grass-of-Parnassus is on the Forest Service's list of 'Endangered Wildflowers,' and therefore all thoughts of transplanting it are strongly to be discouraged. For the sake of Miss Walton, the Forest Service, and a great many others, let us all enjoy this charming and uncommon flower, but in its natural habitat, and undisturbed.

Know Your WARDENS

Text and photos by F. N. SATTERLEE
Information Officer

John W. Crumb's middle name is Wilson. However, to untold numbers of sportsmen, it should instead be: "Dedication." These sportsmen from the U. S., Canada and Mexico felt so strongly about this "dedication" that, as a direct result, John was singularly honored at the October 1968 meeting of the Southeastern Association of Game and Fish Commissioners. At that time he was presented the coveted C. W. Watson Conservation Award for his successful efforts in halting an illegal duck trapping operation on the Eastern Shore. Upwards of 100,000 waterfowl had been unlawfully harvested during the eight years that John worked to finally bring the criminals to justice.

His most recent recognition was also for his dedication. This was the *Liberty Bell Award* given to him by the Accomack County Bar Association for his "Dedication to Justice and Liberty."

Mr. Crumb's stepfather was one of the early wardens for Northampton County. That is one half of the area over which John now has jurisdiction as an Area Leader for the Commission's Law Enforcement Division. As a boy John was impressed with the need for the conservation of wildlife. This feeling is still with him today after serving for fourteen years as a warden. He feels that the most rewarding aspect of his job is doing things for people, teaching respect for law and order, and the protection of wildlife.

His wife is the former Charlsie Barns of Blacksburg and they make their home in Oyster, Virginia. The couple has three children, a son and two daughters.

JOHN W. CRUMB

GERALD P. SIMMONS

Gerald P. Simmons, Game Warden Area Leader in the Patrick Henry District, was recently designated to be the new Assistant Supervisor for that District. In this capacity, Mr. Simmons will occupy one of twelve new supervisory positions in the Law Enforcement Division.

A native of Union Level, Virginia, Mr. Simmons attended Buckhorn High School and Fork Union Military Academy. In June of 1954, following two years' service with the U. S. Army's 82nd Airborne Division, he joined the Commission as a game warden with a duty assignment in Mecklenburg County. He had long been interested in the field of law enforcement and in the out-of-doors, and the work of a game warden seemed to be ideally suited to him.

Nearly all of his off-duty relaxation is achieved while pursuing his hobby of fox hunting and other related activities. These include the raising and breeding of hounds and participation in field trials. Mr. Simmons is in constant demand throughout the state and across the nation for his expertise as a Field Trial Judge. He has served on numerous occasions as "Master of Hounds" for the National Field Trials and for the United States Open. Although this requires the use of nearly all of his annual leave time, he feels that the travel and association with out-of-door people and animals is well worth it.

Mr. Simmons is married to the former Dodie Whitaker of El Paso, Texas, and they make their home in Clarksville, Virginia, with their two daughters.

Bird of the Month:

Red-tailed Hawk

By JOHN W. TAYLOR
Edgewater, Maryland

MANY an old Virginia farmhouse is adorned with a mounted red-tailed hawk over its mantelpiece. Such trophies are strong testimony to the many which are shot as "hen hawks," though in fact the red-tail rarely bothers poultry. Large size and slow, lazy flight make the bird an easy target, and many use the "hen hawk" alibi merely as an excuse to have something to shoot.

The farmer who kills a red-tail is destroying the best rat trap he has on the place, and at the same time eliminating a natural predator of the groundhogs and cottontails that gnaw his garden vegetables. (And also breaking the law, since this hawk is protected in Virginia.)

Small mammals, mostly mice and shrews, make up the bulk of the red-tail's diet. Reptiles, amphibians and insects are also eaten, but stomach examinations of thousands of specimens show that few birds of any sort are eaten.

The real poultry catching hawks are the accipiters, the short-winged long-tailed hawks that attack suddenly and are gone in a flash. Unfortunately, the big, slow-flying redtails, which belong to the wide-winged, fan-tailed buteo group, are the ones most frequently shot.

Despite this heavy toll at the hands of man, the red-tail has maintained its numbers remarkably. It is regularly seen the year round in most parts of the state, though it is more noticeable in the winter months.

With the foliage gone, they are conspicuous against the bare landscape, when, perched on a prominent stub, they wait for the movement of a mouse or small mammal beneath them. This seems to be the preferred method of hunting, but, if pickings are slim, they take to the air, scanning open country and brushy pastures from considerable height.

The rufous-red color of the tail is not the best mark for identification in the field. Only the upper surface of the tail, seldom in view when the bird is overhead, is brightly colored, and young birds have dark gray tails. The best characteristics are the dark band across the belly, contrasting with the near white of the chest, and the lack of barring on the tail. There is much variation in plumage, and even a dark phase, to confuse matters, but the above features are fairly constant. If one is practiced enough, the red-tail can be recognized by shape alone: it is heavier and chunkier than any of our other hawks.

The call of the red-tail, a long, drawn-out scream, possesses an eerie, wild quality, expressing not defiance but rather a certain untamed nobility. It will be a sad day, should it ever come, when, through the petty hostility of man, that voice is silenced.

ON THE LIGHTER SIDE

By TONY PHOENIX

TELEVISION AND DOG TRAINING

I'D be the first to admit that every boy (and every man, too, for that matter) ought to have a dog. It's an American tradition, like ice cream and trips to Grandma's on Sundays.

It has always been known by the more enlightened peoples of the world (and particularly by Americans themselves) that every American is born with the innate knowledge of how to shoot straight enough to drive nails at 100 yards. A knowledge of woods and waters is simply born in a man (or so we feel) and requires no nourishment or even much attention to keep it razor sharp.

Naturally, a dog fits right into this scheme of things. You see, with the natural-born ability to shoot straight and to understand nature born into him, a man has every right to assume that he also knows something about dogs along with it.

I submit, however, that something has gone wrong. We (or should I just say I?) may have lost a little something along the way. Or maybe I've assumed virtues I never had. One thing is certain—I'm not near as confident as I once was that I know all that's worth knowing about shooting and fishing and nature—and dogs in particular.

Maybe the reason is television. Since I for one would not want to be caught possum hunting at night with a portable TV tuned to the Johnny Carson Show, I stay home and watch Johnny Carson. You have to do it, if there's a choice to be made. What would the neighbors think? There's certainly nothing wrong with staying home every night and watching TV, but there's something highly suspicious about a person who'd leave home after dark with dogs, a lantern and a battery-operated TV.

But I shouldn't be too critical of TV. It brings us exciting stories of what others are doing, usually famous people, who work themselves into a fine lather chasing after fish and game we've never heard of. Why, w never have to get out of our easy chair to go hunting and fishing. And we go with the finest people, the famous of the world. There's Charlton Heston and Wyatt Earp and even Hubert Humphrey. Now those are people you'd probably not meet in a lifetime of hanging around hunting camps in the Blue Ridge Mountains or along the rivers of Virginia. Yet, TV brings them into our living rooms, introduces us in a hail-fellow-well-met fashion, and the next thing we know we're headed into the great outdoors with them—bosom buddies all, pals for 30 minutes, and we don't even have to bother to put our shoes on.

But yet . . . but yet, I'm feeling a little peevish. I've been taken—short-changed, if you will, and it has to do with a dog.

Don't misunderstand. I haven't lost the remarkable shooting eye, the ability to read the weather, or the appreciation of beautiful nature (especially if I'm watching it on color TV) that I've always had, that I was born with. In fact, I think it's safe to say that, although I've never had a horse, if I *did* have one, I could ride like the wind with the best of them. Matt Dillon don't have no trouble. I don't see that I would either.

But back to the dog, and to my complaint. I bought a bird dog from a man who was supposed to know the difference between a bird dog and a cyclone. I could have bought a small TV for the children's room (and been better off too) with what I paid for this excuse for a bird dog.

The man said he was partially trained, which was saying a bit much. Naturally, I assumed I could do the rest, being the competent outdoorsman that I am and was born to be.

So I began the dog's education. When Wide World of Sports came on, I made the dog sit and watch. Well, I sort of made him sit anyway. The truth is, he showed much more interest in the car demolition derbies and slalom races than he did in the occasional hunting sequences. In fact, he would often snore loudly—just to irritate me, I think—at crucial times during elephant hunts on The American Sportsman.

I hate to do it, but I may have to let someone else finish the training job.

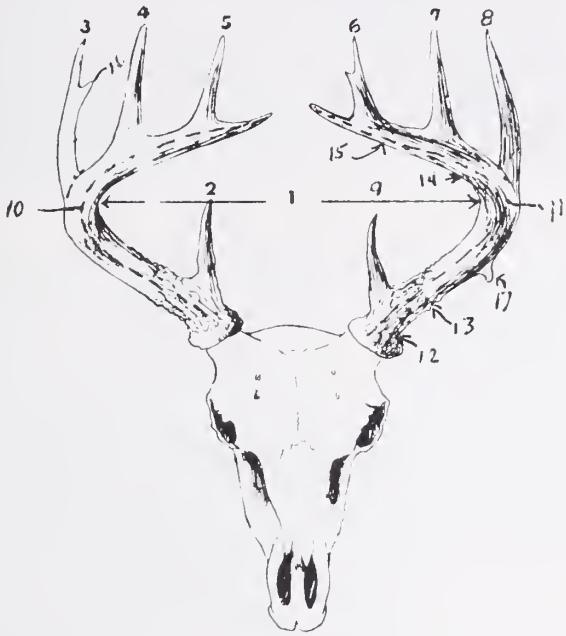
I've heard of a man somewhere outside Richmond who trains dogs. They say he still uses whistles, real live birds, and a good deal of discipline to train a bird dog, but I find that hard to believe. Neither children nor dogs learn that way anymore.

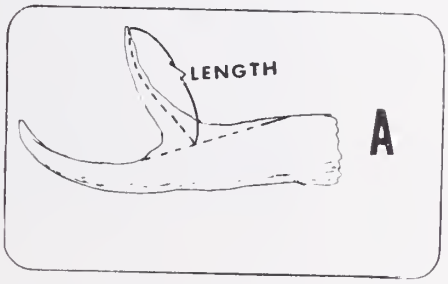
Until I can find the man, I'll keep trying to get the dog to watch TV with me.

In fact, I understand that Curt Gowdy is going to accompany the King of Siam on a chukar hunt in living color soon.

Now. If I can just keep the kids quiet so I can direct the dog's attention to the finer points of Asian chukar hunting. . . .

How Does That Trophy Rate?





EACH year there are a number of impressive deer heads that are not entered in the State Trophy Contest because the persons who killed them feel they will surely be nosed out by a larger specimen. Consequently, one or more divisions are won by mediocre heads when larger racks are known to have been killed. In a true contest it is impossible to set up minimums for entry because average quality and number of entries varies markedly from year to year. The following procedure is recommended as a rough test for a prospective entry but is by no means intended to discourage entry of heads which do not measure up to these standards. All heads must be measured by an official measurer at the contest for final score.

To estimate the score of your head, add together (all measurements to nearest 1/8 inch) the spread of the main beams (1) plus the number of points plus the length of all points and random prongs (2-9, 16 and 17—See insert A) plus the length of both main beams (10 & 11) and the circumference of both antlers at the burr and between all points (12-15). After totaling all these measurements and counts, subtract half the length of all abnormal points (such as 16 & 17) and one-half the difference between corresponding length and circumference measurements on one antler and those on the other.

If the rack scores 225 or better, have it officially measured for Boone and Crockett competition. (Max M. Carpenter, Route 1, Dayton, Virginia, is official measurer.) If it has 9 or more points and scores 150 or over, or if it has 7-8 points and scores 100 or over, or if it has 6 or less points and scores 50 or over, it has a good chance of placing in the Game Commission's Big Game Trophy Contest.

The contest was started in 1941 and has been held annually since. Heads are first judged in regional competition at Harrisonburg or Newport News. The state contest is held in conjunction with one of the regional events alternating between eastern and western sites. Heads must be killed during the previous season to be eligible and the entrant must furnish the Big Game tag or an affidavit from the game warden certifying the entry as a legal kill.

State Big Game Trophy Contest

- There are no advance entry forms. Heads or antlers must be carried or shipped to the proper regional contest where they will be officially measured and entered. Bear skulls only need to be entered in state contest.
- *Prizes* for regional winners
- *Trophies* for first place State winners in each Division
- plus *Honorable Mention Certificates*

The east-west regional dividing line will follow the east-west deer season line in effect the year the entry was killed.

WESTERN REGIONAL CONTEST

October 14, 15, 16
Fairgrounds
Harrisonburg, Virginia
Deadline—Noon, Oct. 16

For entry details contact
Norvell Lapsley
Harrisonburg, Virginia
(Phone 434-6741) (B)
(Phone 289-5514) (R)

Sponsored by the
Harrisonburg-Rockingham
County Izaak Walton League

STATE CONTEST

October 23
Deer Park Elementary School
Newport News, Va.

Virginia
Commission of Game and
Inland Fisheries

(Heads must be physically present to win.)

Only animals first entered in regional competition are eligible

EASTERN REGIONAL CONTEST

October 23
Deer Park Elementary School
Route 17 and Jefferson Avenue
Newport News, Virginia
Deadline—4 P.M., Oct. 23

For entry details contact
Robert L. McDaniel
39 Glendale Rd.
Newport News, Virginia 23606
(Phone 596-6785)

Sponsored by the
Peninsula Sportsmen's Assn.

Edited by HARRY GILLAM

New Record Largemouth

This new record 13 pound 4 ounce largemouth bass was pulled from the waters of Gaston Reservoir by Richmond angler Chuck Hamm. The monster fell for a plastic worm.

New Fly Waters Opened

The recently designated fish-for-fun sections of the Smith and Dan Rivers, which total eight miles, received their initial stocking of trout during August. Public fishing rights on the new stretches of river were secured largely through the efforts of Fifth District Commissioner Allan A. Hoffman, M.D. of Danville, the late supervising warden Edgar T. Lemons, and warden T. J. Clement, with help from local Game Commission personnel. Fishermen are restricted to artificial lures with single barbless hooks only and will be allowed to creel only those trout 10 inches or more in length.

The modified fish-for-fun areas are below the sections now stocked comprising some three miles on the Dan River at the lower end of Kibler Valley and five miles on the Smith River above Philpott Reservoir. The stream sections restricted to this style of fishing are prominently posted with signs calling attention to the special regulations.

Beautiful Augusta Buck

Ray Taylor of Norfolk bagged this handsome 16 point 265 pound buck while hunting in a favorite part of the George Washington National Forest in Augusta County last fall.

LAND DEVELOPMENT SYMPOSIUM NOVEMBER 8-10

The Virginia Environmental Council will hold an environmental land planning and development symposium November 8-10 at the John Marshall Hotel in Richmond.

According to VEC president Edwin J. Merrick, Alexandria, "The purpose of this symposium is to bring together the builder, the buyer, and other persons with an interest in land development and the environment."

The three day program of panels and workshops aims to promote within Virginia a mutual understanding of land development problems and feasible solutions.

Separate panel discussions will deal with land use and the law, economics of environmental development, citizen action, master planning for land conservation, and site planning.

Special workshops will consider problems of environmental health, solid waste disposal, sewage treatment, and siltation and erosion.

Guest speakers include Charlottesville home builder Daly Craig; Suburban Home Builders Association president Jeff Smith; Clive DuVal, member Virginia House of Delegates; Don Bowman, Director of Pollution Control and Planning for Fairfax County; and about 25 other noted experts.

The VEC invites you to attend the symposium. For more information and advance registrations, contact Virginia Environmental Council, Inc., Suite 714, 1400 North Uhle Street, Arlington, Va. 22201, Ph. 703-522-8802.

(DETACH AND MAIL)

ADVANCE REGISTRATION FORM

PLEASE RESERVE ..... OF ADVANCE REGISTRATIONS
NUMBER

IN THE FOLLOWING NAME: .....
HOME ADDRESS CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP .....
BUSINESS AFFILIATION .....
BUSINESS ADDRESS ..... STATE ..... ZIP .....
I AM ENCLOSING A CHECK OR MONEY ORDER IN THE AMOUNT OF $ .....
TO COVER ..... ADVANCE RESERVATIONS AT $55 EACH.
ADVANCE REGISTRATION INCLUDES THE PROCEEDINGS OF SYMPOSIUM, BANQUET TICKET, TWO LUNCHEON TICKETS, AND ADMISSION TO EXHIBITS.

PLEASE RESERVE ..... SINGLE ..... DOUBLE ..... TWIN .....

Edited by ANN PILCHER

JTCC Fishing Course Expanded

Left: At John Tyler Community College in Chester, Phys Ed Department Chairman Gene Evans looks on as Joe Hardy (right) puts finishing touches on a fly to complete his fly tying requirement for American Casting Association certification as a casting instructor. At right, instructor Evans congratulates Joe on his accomplishment. The opportunity for A.C.A. casting instructor certification was added to the college's fishing course this year by Professor Evans. In order to qualify, students must score 85 points on the official A.C.A. test and be certified in the areas of fly casting, bait casting, spinning, and spincasting. A field trip to the federal fish hatchery south of Charles City was also a part of this year's fishing class experience.

Scouts Clean Up

Scouts in most of the 50 states, together with their adult leaders and representatives of many supporting organizations, received commendation in July from Chief Boy Scout Executive Alden G. Barber for their "major contribution" to the litter cleanup project, conducted on a nationwide basis by the BSA.

In the District of Columbia, Maryland, and Virginia reports showed that 37,354 youth and adults cleaned up 1,453 miles. of highway and streams and 27,480 acres of park, recreation and other public places. Altogether, 1,542 tons of litter were collected, amounting to 846 truckloads.

The anti-litter drive was an integral part of a larger effort to "Save Our American Resources" (called Project SOAR, a wide ranging program of action by Scouts in connection with air, land and water pollution). Scouts are working particularly to correct siltation causing pollution, and to remove trash in or near waterways.

David P. Reynolds, Exec. Vice President and Gen. Manager of the Reynolds Metals Company and chairman of the national committee that conducted the special cleanup day, said that more than two million youth and adults participated. Four hundred thousand acres of parks and other public places were cleared of litter. Trash weighing more than one million tons filled 200,000 truckloads. Much of the litter was directed to reclamation centers for recycling, a major objective in the cleanup campaign.

Buggs Island Bass

July was striped bass month for Randy Sheets of Chesterfield down at Buggs Island Lake. Here the 12 year old shows his 12 lb. 13 oz. July 14th catch. A week later he took five more rockfish—two citation winners (10 lb. 8 oz. and 10 lb. 4 oz.) and three 7 pounders.

Forestry Scholarships Awarded

This year Virginia Forests, Inc., increased to three its scholarships to rising freshmen in the Division of Forestry and Wildlife at VPI in Blacksburg. Recipients of the $500 awards, provided by the Virginia Forests Educational Fund, were Linwood Craig Carr of Holland, Virginia, Steve Macon Pharr of Roanoke, and Allen D. Schultz of Highland Springs, near Richmond.

Crozet Boy Scouts Learn Wildlife Management and Ecology in Woodlands Outing

This summer members of Boy Scout Troop 79 of Crozet studied wildlife habitat conditions and practiced environmental improvements by planting small game food plots on Westvaco timberlands near Charlottesville. Led by Asst. Scoutmaster Jack Gnegy, participating Scouts included Rick Hedrick, Bill Gentry, Dexter Keith, Allan Haden and Steve Rungwerth.

Westvaco's Virginia woodlands multiple-use forestry program includes game management and hunting improvements, and Scout units have been active in environmental education activities on company lands all year as part of Westvaco's support of the Boy Scout "Save Our American Resources" (SOAR) campaign.

Under the supervision of forester Chuck Matheny, wildlife management coordinator for Westvaco's Virginia Woodlands, and Bill Ladrach, Westvaco's district forester for the Charlottesville area, the group was shown various management practices protecting and supplementing wildlife on industrial forest lands of the company. The youths then received rakes and seed to establish small plots in selected areas to help support deer, quail, turkey and other wildlife.

Matheny and Asst. Scoutmaster Gnegy, who is a Westvaco forester at the company's Charlottesville Research Center, report that all the Scouts completed the field trip with an enthusiastic appreciation for the quality of their environment and the need for constant effort to maintain ecological balance.

Edited by JIM KERRICK

Readying Boat and Motor for Winter Storage

The 1971 boating season is drawing to a close, and it will soon be time to start thinking about preparing your equipment for winter storage. It's a good idea to have a reputable marine dealer inspect your outboard motor after a season's use, or you can go one step further and have him store it for the winter and return it in the spring, tuned-up and ready to go.

If your motor has been used in salt water, it should be run for a short time in fresh water before putting it away for the season. Although modern motors are built to resist saltwater corrosion and deposits, this will remove all danger through internal flushing. A cloth dampened in fresh water will remove any saltwater deposits from the exterior parts of the motor.

Drain fuel. The best way to do this is to disconnect the fuel line and let the motor run until the carburetor is emptied. This can be done the last time the motor is used while it is in the water or on a test tank if you have access to one. Fuel tanks should also be emptied and cleaned.

Drain the cooling system. With the motor out of the water and in an upright position, give the starter rope several pulls. This will remove all water from the pump and cooling passages and eliminate the possibility of it freezing and cracking the block.

Clean fuel filter. Remove the filter bowl and wipe it out. Clean the filter element and the bowl with benzine or clean gasoline. This precaution will prevent the formation of gum deposits.

Remove and clean the spark plugs. While the plugs are out, squirt some good lubricating oil into the cylinder opening and at the same time rotate the flywheel manually. The oil will then be distributed evenly over the cylinder walls, pistons and rings, and the danger of condensation and rust forming on the parts will be lessened.

Internal parts may also be protected by injecting lubricating oil directly into the carburetor through the removable button on the air silencer. Again, give the starter rope several slow pulls.

Protect all throttle linkage from possible rust or corrosion by applying a coating of grease to moving parts.

Drain gear case. The lower unit gear case should be drained by removing the drain plug on the motor's skeg. Drain completely and refill with the type of outboard gear oil recommended by the manufacturer.

Inspect the propeller. If the propeller is bent or broken, take it to a marine dealer for repair or replacement. Although a propeller may not appear to be badly damaged, close inspection may reveal that it is out of pitch, a condition that can cause poor motor performance.

Clean the exterior. Thoroughly clean the entire motor with a damp cloth. After it dries, go over the lower unit with a soft cloth to which a few drops of oil have been applied. The motor hood is best protected by polishing it with a good auto wax.

Select storage place. A clean and dry place is best. Try to avoid areas of excessive dampness and dust. The motor should be stored upright on a stand or rack that is off the floor.

Do not cover the motor with a material that will seal the moisture in. It's far better to leave it uncovered completely. Dust can be removed much easier than rust caused by moisture trapped under the covering.

Here are a few points to remember when putting your boat away. Remove all gear to keep excess weight out of the boat. If it is stored on a trailer, release the transom hold-downs and the winch rope to avoid unneccessary pressures. Be sure that the weight of the boat is resting on the tongue of the trailer and the transom support. If the rollers are pushing up against the boat bottom, the boat can easily develop a hook which can seriously affect its performance.

The trailer should be blocked up to keep the weight off the tires. It's a good idea to remove the wheels and inspect the wheel bearings. If water has slipped past the seals, the bearings will be susceptible to rust. Remove and thoroughly clean the bearings and repack with the proper type of lubricant.

By following these procedures you will avoid costly repair bills and when spring rolls around, you'll be all set to take to the water.

Drain all fuel from the engine; then remove and clean the fuel filter bowl and the filter element. This will prevent the formation of gum deposits over the winter.

Remove the spark plugs and squirt several drops of good lubricating oil through the spark plug seats. Rotate the flywheel manually to distribute the oil over the cylinder walls and pistons.

Remove the drain plug and completely drain the lower unit. Then refill the gear case with the type of outboard gear oil recommended by the manufacturer.

Internal portions of the motor can be protected by injecting oil through the opening of the air silencer. After oiling, give the starter rope a few pulls.

Photos courtesy Evinrude Motors

SORA RAIL
YELLOW RAIL
BLACK RAIL
VIRGINIA RAIL
WETLAND GAME BIRDS
CLAPPER RAIL
KING RAIL
COOT
FLORIDA GALLINULE
PURPLE GALLINULE
J.W. TAYLOR

BEFORE

YOU SHOOT